

AN
Archie
MAGAZINE

DEEP

COMICS

NO.
59



Starring **ARCHIE ANDREWS!**

DON'T YOU THINK YOU
TWO HAVE **STUDIED**
ENOUGH? STUDY
PERIOD HAS BEEN
OVER FOR AN
HOUR!

**STUDY
HALL**

10¢
K



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN No. 37

Hiva. Puls:

Here's another one of those Junior G-Man contests that you seem to like so much. So far, Dusty and me haven't been able to stump many of you and as a result we've been busy as heck sending out FREE COPIES OF PEP COMICS to the winners. But it's been a pleasure. The more smart Shield G-Man members we've got, the better we like it. So here goes. Let's see how you make out this time!

Here are some G-Man terms with definitions alongside them. Only one of these definitions is the right one. Put a circle around the right answer and send 'em in to us:

F.B.I.—(a) Federal Branch of Investigation; (b) Federal Bureau of Investigation;
(c) Federal Bureau of Immigration

G-MAN—(a) Gun man; (b) Short for 'Get your man'; (c) Government man

CHIEF OF THE F.B.I.—(a) J. Edgar Hoover; (b) J. Herbert Hoover
(c) J. Edgar Wallace

T-MAN—(a) Treason Investigator; (b) G-man who's been promoted;
(c) Treasury Man

Okay. That she blows. Now all you've got to do is guess 'em right and you get a FREE COPY OF THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS. There's only one thing more. This contest is only open to members of the Shield G-Man Club. So if you want to have loads of fun, win a prize and join our swell club, all at the same time, just fill out the coupon below and send it along with your answers.

Here are the names of some of our latest members:

ROBERT WAGNER
1608 N. 9th St.
Sheboygan, Wis.

CHARLES LOYD
Box 34
Exeter, Calif.

RICHARD CARD
180 Chandler St.
Worcester 2, Mass.

NORMA PEIRCE
616 Price Ave.
Lexington, Ky.

BERNICE CLEVELAND
1854 Third St.
Richmond, Calif.

FRANK WALSH
100 Trenton St.
Lawrence, Mass.

DAVID M. RHODES
Bodega Bay, Calif.

BEVERLY VAN VICEL
Bodega Bay, Calif.

ROBERT FISCHER
Mather, Pa.

CHARLES HOLLIFIELD, JR.
Norcross, Ga.

*Sincerely
Joe Higgins*

CUT ON THIS LINE

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

**Joe Higgins
Room 603
241 Church St.
New York City**

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... Age.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Archie

OH, WEATHERBEE!
HEY! WAIT UP!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S
CALLING ME!



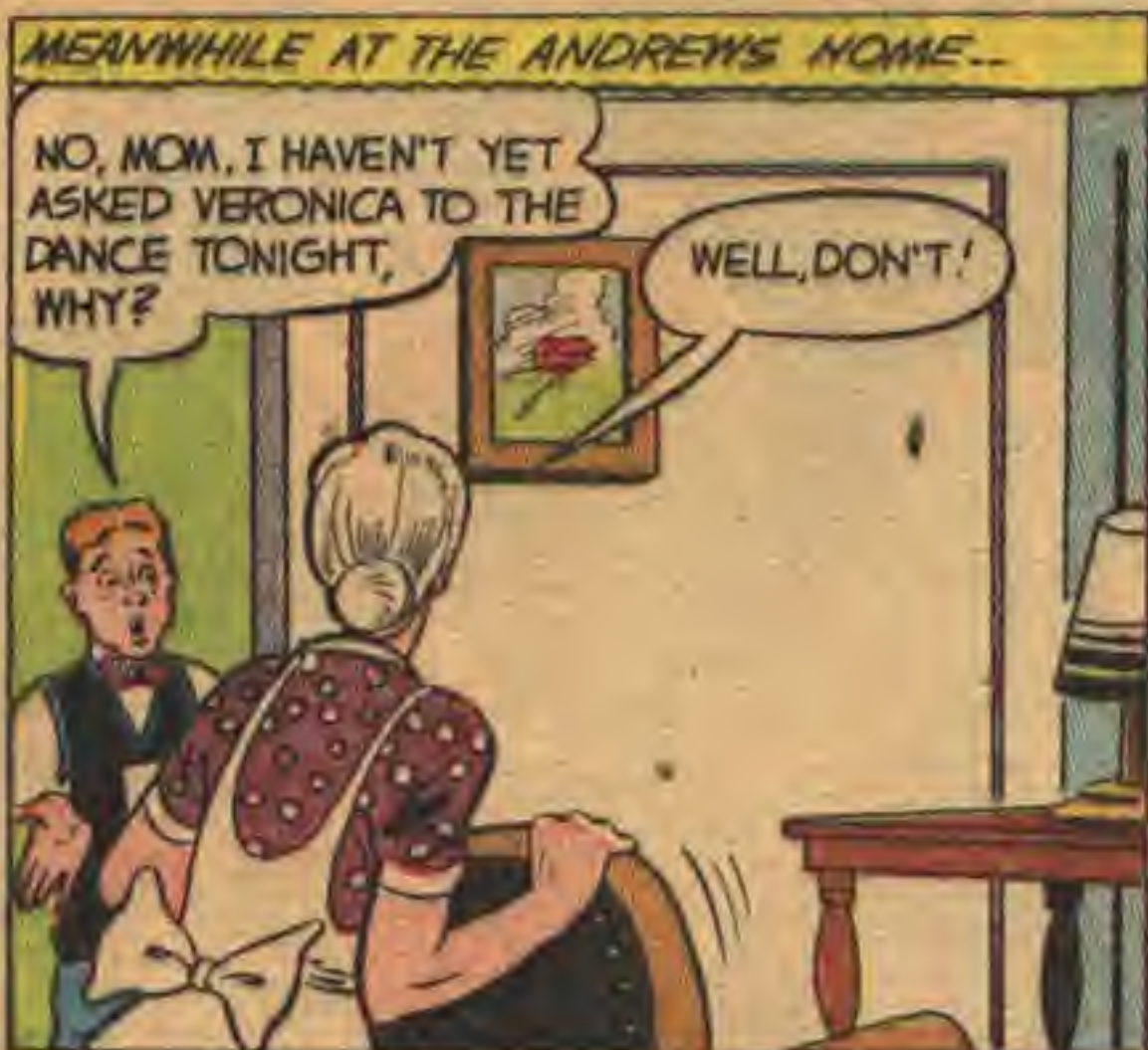
WELL, IF IT ISN'T MY OLD
CLASSMATE, JOE RUMDUM! MY,
BUT YOU'VE DONE WELL, SINCE
I'VE LAST SEEN YOU! WHAT'S
HAPPENED?

I GOT
MARRIED.



NO MORE WORKING FOR ME!
I'M IN THE LAP OF LUXURY!
GOT CARS, YACHTS, VALETS
SINCE I MARRIED A **WEALTHY**
WIDOW. WHY DON'T YOU
TRY IT?





OBOY! EVERYTHING'S WORKING OUT
SWELL! BETTER GET MY TUX
READY!



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!
ARCHIE ANDREWS!



GEE! I'M SORRY,
MR. WEATHERBEE!
I WAS IN A
HURRY TO GET
READY FOR
THE DANCE,
AND...

WELL, THERE ISN'T GOING
TO BE ANY DANCE! NOT
FOR *YOU* ANYWAY!
MAYBE *THAT'LL*
TEACH YOU!



EXCUSE ME, MR.
WEATHERBEE! IT
WASN'T ARCHIE'S
FAULT-IT'S ALL
ON ACCOUNT OF
HIS *RICH*
AUNT!

HUH? *RICH*
AUNT! HAS
ARCHIE GOT A
RICH AUNT?



OH SURE!
HE WAS
GONNA
TAKE HER
TO THE
DANCE!

HMM... MIGHT
HAVE BEEN A
BIT HASTY... ER...
SHE'S *SINGLE*
I TRUST!

BUT DEFINITELY!





WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT NOW I'M STUCK WITH AUNT JANE AFTER ALL!

WELL, THAT'S BETTER'N HAVIN' THE "BEE" ON YOUR NECK ISN'T IT?



WHAT TIME DO YOU WANT ME TO PICK UP AUNT JANE AT THE STATION, MOM?

YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER DEAR!



SHE SENT A TELEGRAM! HER TRAIN IS DELAYED AND SHE'LL BE **UNABLE** TO GET HERE!



BOY, WHAT A MESS! WEATHERBEE'LL BLOW HIS TOP IF AUNT JANE DOESN'T SHOW UP! JUG, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME THINK!



I THINK I'VE GOT IT! LISTEN.. PSSST.. PSSST.. PSSST.. PSSST..

I DUNNO BUT I'LL TRY IT!



OMIGOSH! I ALMOST FORGOT VERONICA! YOU'VE GOT TO GO OVER AND TRY TO TALK HER OUT OF COMING!

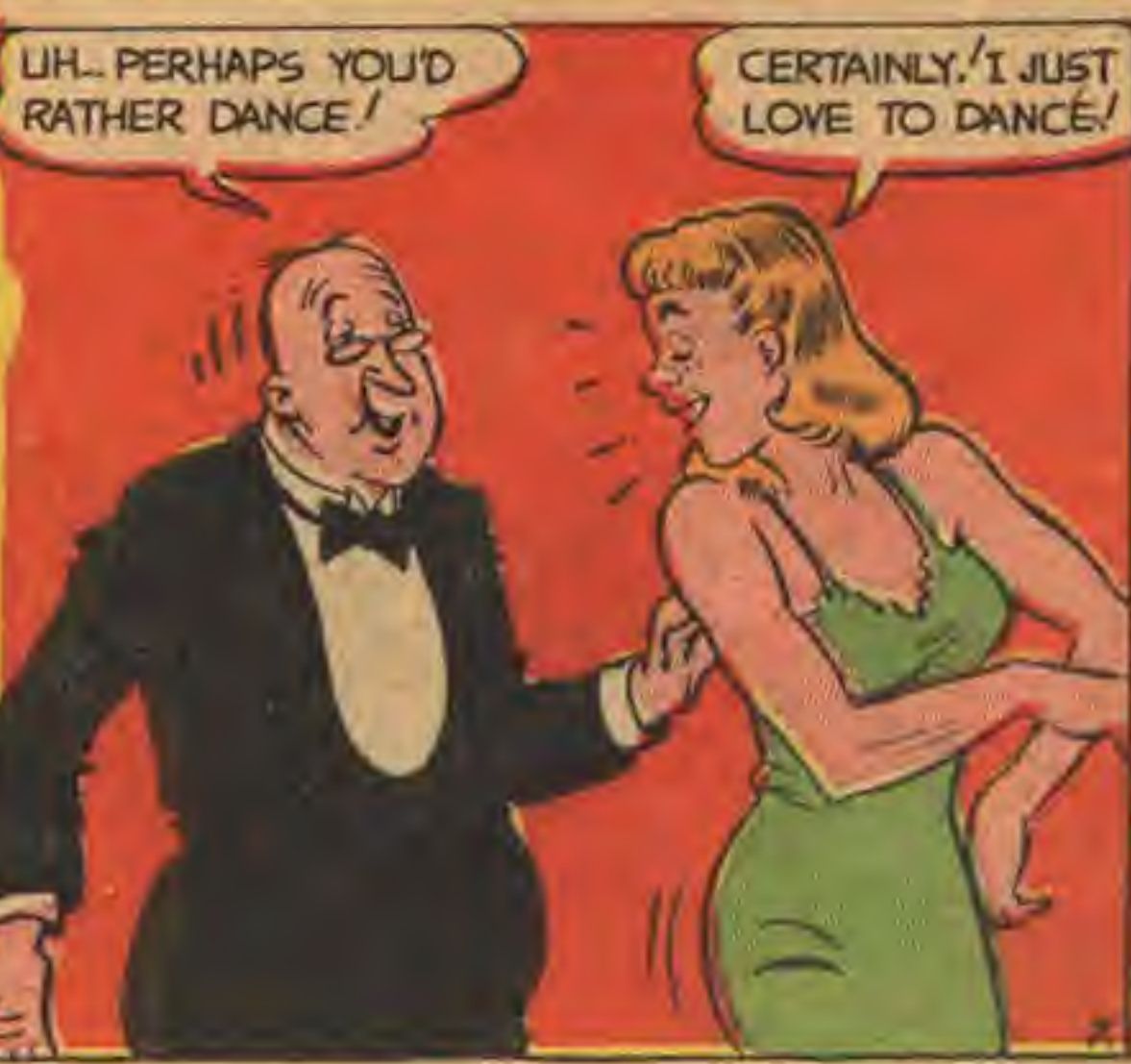
HUH?



EVERYTHING IS PERFECT! EXCEPT THE THOUGHT OF BEING RELATED TO ARCHIE!













THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
BOY DETECTIVE

in
**SWEET
DREAMS
of
MURDER**



OUR STORY OPENS ON A DREAM--- A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE DREAM OF GEORGE WYLIE ----

HELP!!
MURDER!!

UNCLE, WHAT'S WRONG?
YOU WERE SHOUTING!

I-I WAS HAVING
A NIGHTMARE ---
IT WAS HORRIBLE!

I DREAMED I
MURDERED
A MAN! STABBED
HIM TO DEATH
IN COLD BLOOD,
DAVID!

COME, COME,
UNCLE! YOU MUST
NOT LET YOUR
DREAMS UPSET
YOU SO MUCH!

AS YOUR PHYSICIAN
I PRESCRIBE SOME
SOOTHING MUSIC
TO REST YOUR
NERVES!

YES, DAVID ---
PERHAPS YOU'RE
RIGHT! TURN ON
THE RADIO
PLEASE!

ATTENTION PLEASE! WE INTERRUPT
OUR PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT ---
CHARLES GARNER, PROMINENT
ATTORNEY WAS FOUND STABBED
TO DEATH! HE APPARENTLY
WAS ABOUT TO ENTER HIS
CAR WHEN THE MURDERER
STRUCK!

DAVID --- MY DREAM!
THAT'S JUST THE
WAY IT HAPPENED!
I STABBED HIM
WHEN HE WAS
GETTING INTO HIS
CAR!

STOP THAT--DO
YOU HEAR! IF YOU
KEEP THIS UP
PEOPLE WILL THINK
YOU'RE
INSANE!

TRY AND GET SOME SLEEP --- YOU'LL FEEL BETTER IN THE MORNING!

I HOPE SO!

THE NEXT EVENING ----

I GUESS I MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF LAST NIGHT, DAVID --- BUT IT WAS ALL SO REAL!

FORGET IT, UNCLE! IT WAS JUST A CO-INCIDENCE!

AND DON'T FORGET TO TAKE THAT SEDATIVE I PRESCRIBED! IT'LL GIVE YOU A COMFORTABLE NIGHT'S SLEEP TONIGHT!

I WON'T DAVID! YOU'RE THE DOCTOR!



DAVID WAS RIGHT OF COURSE! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A CO-INCIDENCE! STILL ---

AND SO, GEORGE WYLIE FALLS INTO A FITFULL SLEEP ONLY TO RETURN ONCE AGAIN TO HIS DREAMS!





MEANWHILE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS--



WELL, LET'S GO, DUSTY! NOT MUCH ACTIVITY AROUND HEADQUARTERS THESE DAYS!

YEAH, LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO START OUR OWN CRIME WAVE IF WE WANT EXCITEMENT, EH, JOE?



WELL, IT'S NOT OFFICIAL YET, JOE, BUT THE TELETYPE JUST FLASHED A SHOOTING IN! RIGHT OUTSIDE A MID-TOWN SUBWAY!



HELLO--YES, SPEAKING! WHAT? YEAH--SOMEBODY WAS SHOT TO DEATH AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT LAST NIGHT! SAY, HOW DO YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THIS?



BECAUSE I KILLED HIM!



HOLY SMOKE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WYLIE, THE OIL MILLIONAIRE --- A MURDERER!

SAY, MIND IF WE GO ALONG WITH YOU, CHIEF?



NOW LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT, MISTER WYLIE, YOU SAY YOU COMMITTED TWO MURDERS--YET YOUR NEPHEW SWEARS YOU NEVER LEFT THIS HOUSE FOR THE PAST TWO DAYS!



BUT I MUST HAVE I TELL YOU!

I MUST HAVE DONE 'EM WHILE WALKING IN MY SLEEP! PERHAPS THOSE WEREN'T DREAMS AFTER ALL!



LOOK, MISTER WYLIE, I'M AFTER A MURDERER NOT A DREAMER!



LISTEN TO THAT GUY WILL YOU, HIGGINS --- WHY HE'S NUTTIER THAN A FRUITCAKE!



I MUST ADMIT HE DOES SOUND A BIT STRANGE!

PLEASE FORGIVE MY UNCLE, GENTLEMEN! HE'S A VERY SICK MAN AND HARDLY RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HE'S SAYING! HE'S SUFFERING FROM A NERVOUS DISORDER!



I'M A PSYCHIATRIST MY MYSELF AND I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CURE HIM! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I MAY HAVE TO SEND HIM TO A SANITARIUM!



THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, DOC! THAT'S WHERE HE BELONGS ALL RIGHT! WELL, S'LONG!



SO LONG! AND THANKS, CAPTAIN!

A FEW WEEKS LATER---

HEY JOE --
LOOK AT THIS
NEWS ITEM!



THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY
ABOUT THAT CASE BUT
I CAN'T SEEM TO PUT
MY FINGER ON IT!





THERE'S CARDIGAN'S JOINT, BUT WE'LL NEVER GET IN THROUGH THE ENTRANCE, IT'S TOO WELL GUARDED! LOOK FOR ANOTHER WAY IN---



THERE'S OUR ANSWER! SOMEONE WAS CARELESS AND LEFT A WINDOW OPEN!



THERE'S HIS OFFICE RIGHT UP AHEAD!



WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW--NOBODY HOME! THIS'LL GIVE US A GOOD CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND!



WOW! WE HIT THE JACKPOT! HAVE A LOOK AT THESE!



I'LL TAKE THOSE, SHIELD, AND DON'T MOVE 'CAUSE I DON'T LIKE KILLING ANYBODY!



WELL, NICE TALK FROM A GUY WHO'S ALREADY MURDERED TWO MEN!



ARE YOU TRYIN' TO FRAME ME, SHIELD? MURDER ISN'T MY LINE! I'VE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH MY OWN RACKET!



REALLY, DICE? WHAT ABOUT THOSE KILLINGS MENTIONED IN THE WYLIE CASE? YOU'RE A PAID KILLER AND I KNOW WHO'S PAYING YOU! THESE I.O.U.'S PROVE IT!

SO THAT'S IT, HUH? LOOK, SHIELD, I AIN'T TAKIN' THE RAP FOR NO ONE, SEE!



SURE I KNOW ALL ABOUT THOSE MURDERS, BUT NOT THE WAY YOU THINK!-- LISTEN AND I'LL TELL YA!



A SHORT WHILE LATER---

THAT CHAT WITH CARDIGAN THROWS A NEW LIGHT ON THIS CASE! I WANT YOU TO GET CAPTAIN MORRIS AND MEET ME AT THE GROVE HILL SANITARIUM!



THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADING FOR RIGHT NOW!

RIGHT, SHIELD!



HERE'S WHERE WE MAY FIND THE LAST LINK IN OUR CHAIN!



QUICK, MISS--WHICH ROOM IS MISTER WYLIE IN?

IN ROOM 20 --- ON THE SECOND FLOOR--B-BUT-- BUT---



BUT YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE! DR. WARREN DOESN'T ALLOW ANYONE NEAR HIS UNCLE!

I'M NOT SURPRISED AT THAT, SISTER!



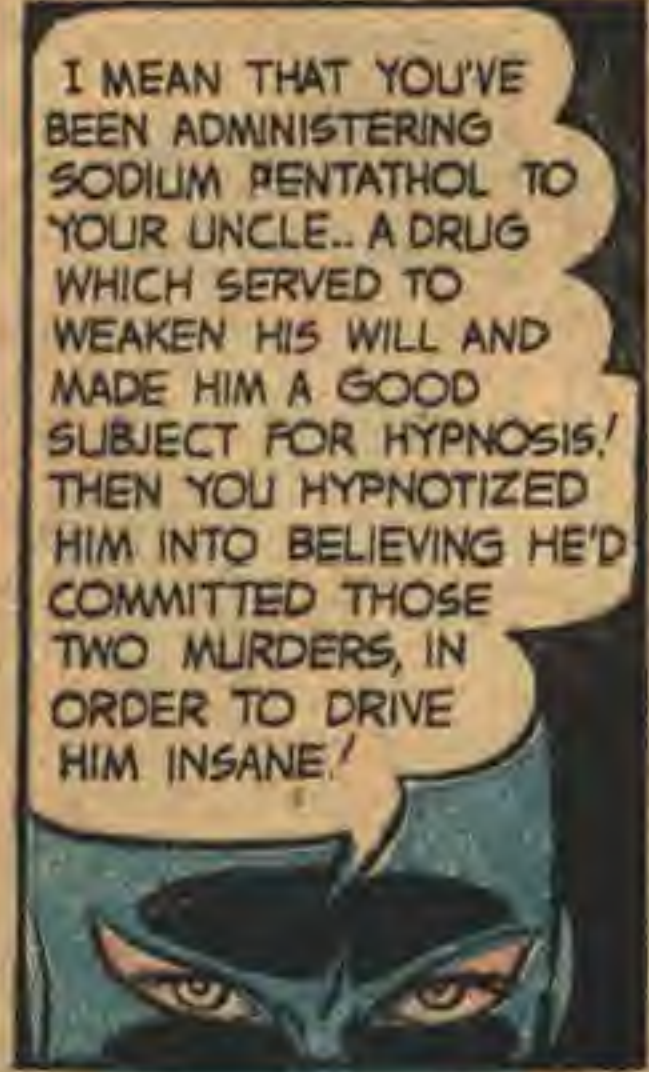
I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU, DOCTOR!

HOW DARE YOU BARGE IN HERE! MY UNCLE IS A VERY SICK MAN!



NOT ANY SICKER THAN *YOU'VE* MADE HIM!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I MEAN THAT YOU'VE BEEN ADMINISTERING SODIUM PENTATHOL TO YOUR UNCLE.. A DRUG WHICH SERVED TO WEAKEN HIS WILL AND MADE HIM A GOOD SUBJECT FOR HYPNOSIS! THEN YOU HYPNOTIZED HIM INTO BELIEVING HE'D COMMITTED THOSE TWO MURDERS, IN ORDER TO DRIVE HIM INSANE!



THEN YOU WENT OUT AND COMMITTED THOSE MURDERS EXACTLY AS YOU HYPNOTIZED YOUR UNCLE INTO BELIEVING HE'D DREAMED THEM!



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND THIS OUT, BLAST YOU...



BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!



WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, BUB?

OOF!

SINCE YOU LIKE
DREAMS SO MUCH—

HAVE ONE
ON ME!

-WHAM-

HIYA, BOYS! YOU
GOT HERE JUST
IN TIME, DUSTY!
THANKS FOR THE
ASSIST!

WE HEARD
EVERYTHING,
SHIELD! BUT
WHY WOULD
HE DO IT?

BECAUSE BY GETTING HIS UNCLE
DECLARED INSANE, HE'D TAKE OVER
HIS ESTATE AND PAY OFF SOME
HUGE GAMBLING DEBTS HE'D RUN
UP WITH DICE CARDIGAN!

WELL, HERE'S WHERE
HE PAYS OFF TO THE
STATE IN THE ELECTRIC
CHAIR!



HA HA LAUGH LAUGH LAUGH

"LAUGH COMICS" IS BACK

LOOK FOR IT! BIGGER, BETTER FUNNIER THAN EVER!!



PEP CONTEST PAGE

HERE'S A CONTEST IN WHICH IT'S PIE TO WIN! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND IN A LETTER OR POSTCARD, TELLING US YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN PEP COMICS! THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS FREE! ALL OTHERS WILL RECEIVE A WAR STAMP WHEN THEIR NAMES APPEAR ON THIS PAGE! SO, SEND IN YOUR LETTERS, AND WATCH THIS PAGE FOR YOUR NAME! ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO:
**PEP COMICS, 241 CHURCH ST.
NEW YORK 13, NEW YORK**

**HERE ARE THE LUCKY TEN WHO WIN A
YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS!**

PAULINE ASHFORD
BOX 533
WESMINSTER COLO

MARCIA SIEGLER
1206-48 ST.
BROOKLYN 19, N.Y.

LAURECE SMITH
2823 UNION ST.
BRUNSWICK GA.

CECILIA ELSAESSER
816 KREIS LANE
CINCINNATI 5 OHIO

JOHN R. BROWER JR.
107 2ND ST.
KEY PORT N.J.

DORA MC. CORMACK
1202 SPOFFORD AVE
BRONX 53, N.Y.

MARJORIE PARKER
R.F.D. 7 BOX 460
TERRE HAUTE IND

RAYMOND N. GARZA
P.O. BOX 239
PORT LAVACA, TEXAS

ERNEST ROBINSON
3781 5RD AVE.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

JOAN LAMPROSE
7437 MIDDLEPOINTE
DEARBORN, MICH

AND HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF SAVINGS STAMPS!

DORIS MARCHAM
10885 MOGLIL AVE.
DETROIT 24, MICH.

ELEANOR MUMLY
162 NEWMAN AVE.
BAYONNE, N.J.

DELORES MC CALLION
BOX 197
CENTRALIA, ILL.

WILLIAM ARNOLD
2587 MORRIS AVE
BRONX 53, N.Y.

JACK MALONE
307 N. MAIN ST
DEMOPOLIS, ALA

IRENE TURCHIN
BOX 244
FLORIDA N.Y.

SHIRLEY J. SAUSELEN
116 WILEY ST.
BUCYRUS, OHIO

PEGGY GILBERT
GENERAL DELIVERY
HASTINGS NEB

BRUCE MC DARICL
MANCHESTER
NORTH CAROLINA

BARBARA BERICK
ROUTE 1
ITHACA, N.Y.

GARY WEAVER
523 COLLEGE AVE
ELIZABETHTOWN, PA

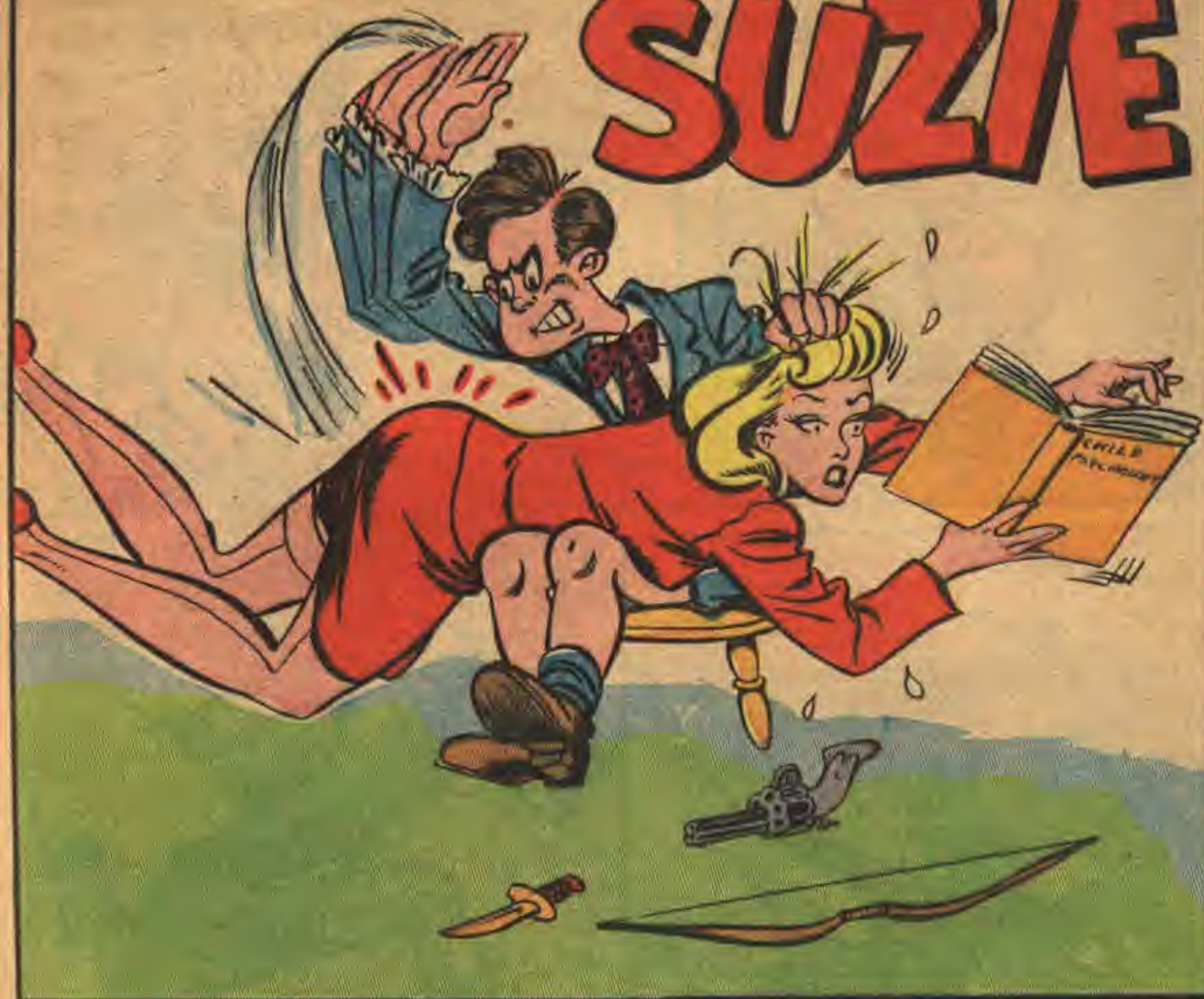
MARY REILLY
304 W. 14 ST
NEW YORK, N.Y.

ROBERT SAYRE
WESTMAIN ROAD
WESTFIELD, N.Y.

LEONARD B. JOHNSON
ROUTE 1,
DUNLAP, TENN.

NATALIE SMITH
428 W. 260 ST.
REVERDALE BRONX, N.Y.

SUZIE



TODAY'S THE DAY I APPLY FOR
THE JOB AS GOVERNESS TO THAT
RICH LITTLE FAUNTLEROY
VANCE TOOFTEN!



IS THIS THE
HOME OF----

ANOTHER
GOVERNESS, EH! ONE
MOMENT PLEASE---









WHEE! THAT WATH
FUNNY! I ALWAYTH
WANTED TO DO THAT!
LE'TH DO IT
AGAIN!

LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE,
YOU BRAT!

WHAT DO YOU WANT
TO DO NOW?

LE'TH PLAY
FOOTBALL!

OR METH
UP GRAND-
MATH'S PARTY!

NO!

YETH!

IM GOING TO TELL YOUR
GRANDMA WHAT A BRAT
YOU ARE!

I'LL THOW HER! SHE
CAN'T DOUBLE CWOOTH
ME AND GET AWAY
WITH IT---!

I'LL MAKE IT
LOOK LIKE SHE
HIT ME AND
TELL GRANDMA!

MEANWHILE

I TRUST YOU AND
THE CHILD ARE
GETTING ALONG
TOGETHER?

THAT'S WHAT
I WANT TO
SPEAK TO YOU
ABOUT!



THE LAST LAUGH

An Archie Story

"HOW about it, Arch," Mr. Andrews asked, "want to come to the movies with your mother and me?"

"No thanks, dad. I'll just stay home and spend a nice quiet evening. Enjoy yourselves, folks."

The Andrews left, and Arch settled himself comfortably in the Morris chair alongside the radiator. "Yup, this is one time I'm goin' to stay put and keep outa trouble," Archie mused. "If I just stay in the house, and read, nothing can POSSIBLY happen."

So Arch started reading. He didn't get very far when he suddenly became aware of a hissing sound. He tried to disregard it. But it soon became annoying. He got up to investigate. It was the radiator. "Hmm . . . the valve seems

to be loose," said Arch, studying it. "Looks like it needs a washer. Well, that should be easy to fix. Pop has a raft of washers in a jar in the kitchen."

Arch hunted through the kitchen closets and at last came across the jar he was looking for. Sure enough there were a couple of washers. He could just make them out buried under the pile of screws, assorted nails and tacks, way at the bottom of the jar. He stuck his hand in, fished around, and finally got his finger on a washer. But when he tried to pull his hand out, it wasn't quite as easy. In fact, he couldn't do it. The more he tugged, the more his hand perspired, and the tougher it got to pry it loose.

"Holy mackerel," he panted. "I hate to break

this jar. But it looks like I'll have to unless . . . hey, wait a minute. Why didn't I think of it before? All I got to do is use some grease, and my hand'll slip out easy as pie."

So now Arch went looking for the jar of grease. He finally tracked it down . . . way up on the top shelf of the closet above the sink. He got a precarious foothold on the sink, and reached out. Just as he got his fingers on it, it happened. His foot slipped. There was a resounding crash as Arch hit the floor, and an even louder one, as the grease bottle smashed into a thousand fragments. Grease poured all over the kitchen. Arch looked dazedly at the mess all around him, his hand still wedged in the jar. But he didn't sit there long.

Suddenly, the hissing in

the next room got louder, and still louder, until it sounded like all the sirens in Riverdale going at the same time. Then there was a loud pop, and something that sounded like a minor explosion.

"Holy Hannah! The steam's blown the valve right off," Archie yowled. "I gotta get in there and put it back before. . . ." Arch got in there all right. Faster than he intended. He forgot all about the grease, and slid head first, smack into the bookshelves, clear across the living room. They all came down. And to Arch, it seemed that not one of them missed his head. He picked himself up out of the wreckage, and tore over to the radiator.

AND STILL HIS HAND WAS STUCK IN THE JAR.

With his free hand he managed to clamp the valve back into place, and stemmed the rush of steam.

Just then, the phone rang.

"Jiminy, what'll I do? Maybe that's Veronica. But I can't let go this valve. If only I could shake this darn jar loose, I would be able to reach over and grab ahold of the phone."

He shook furiously. No good. In a towering rage, he flung his hand out wildly, and at that moment, if it had come loose from its wrist, he could have wished no better. His wrist stayed on. But the jar shot off. Straight into the air, toward the ceiling, like a bullet out of a rifle . . . **AND SMACK INTO THE CEILING LIGHT!**

Now the room was plunged into total darkness. Arch lost his grip on the valve, and couldn't locate it again. So the steam poured out, filled the room like a turkish bath, and seeped out the windows.

A passerby in the street spotted it, mistook it for

a fire, and turned in an alarm. Soon, every fire engine in Riverdale was roaring toward the Andrews house.

When the Andrews came home from the movies, they walked into a house that was a shambles. Arch was taken to the hospital suffering from second degree burns. The fire and police departments served summonses on Mr. Andrews, the insurance companies increased the premiums, and they couldn't get any repair men to fix the radiators and nearly froze all winter.

Jughead came to visit Archie in the hospital, and brought him a book. "I figured you'd like to just relax with a nice quiet book while you're in bed, Arch," Jug grinned shyly. "That way you kin be sure and keep outa trouble, huh Arch?"

Jug never knew what hit him. But when he came to, he was lying in a bed alongside Archie.

GLOOMY GUS

THE HOMELESS
AND HIS ANGELIC
PAL "GABBY"

GHOST

by
"RED"
HOLMDALE

HERE LIES THE YARN OF GLOOMY GUS-
HE LEFT THIS WORLD WHEN BOOPED
BY A BUS!
NOW HE'S ROAMING THE WORLD
FEELING VERY GLOOMY-
LOOKING FOR A BODY THAT'S STRONG
AND ROOMY!

HEY, GUS, WAIT!
WHERE YOU
GOING?

IXNAY, GABBY! ST. PETE'S GOT AN
ASSIGNMENT FOR
ME ALONE!

PEARLY
GATES

ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS-
AM I A GUARDIAN ANGEL
OR NOT?

SURE YOU ARE, GABBY,
NO-ONE SAYS YOU
ARE NOT!

BUT AS THE DAILY FINALS LIST
ONLY ONE PROSPECT FOR
TODAY-I'M SENDING GUS
OUT ON IT!

YEAH! AND
DON'T TRY TO
CUT IN!



LOOK, GABBY, I'VE GOT A SURE BET TO GET RID OF GUS FOR GOOD-AND I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE YOU UPSET IT FOR ME!

RATS! I STILL SAY IT'S A DOUBLE-CROSS!

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME A BREAK, GABBY? AFTER ALL, WE'RE BUDDIES, AREN'T WE?



RIGHT! WHERE YOU GO, I GO!

OKAY, BE STUBBORN IF YOU LIKE-I'M LEAVING-I DON'T WANT TO MISS ANYBODY AGAIN!



I HATED TO LEAVE GABBY IN SUCH A HUFF BUT THIS IS A CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



HERE'S THE PLACE PETE SENT ME TO-WOW! I'M TO BE A FULL-FLEDGED REAL-ESTATE AGENT!



THIS IS A LIFE JOB! NICE, QUIET, RESERVED OCCUPATION-NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO ME HERE!



MEANWHILE-UP IN HEAVEN!

ORDINARILY, PETE, I'D BE GLAD TO HAVE THIS BIG REST! BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, I'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME EXCITEMENT!

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, GABBY! I MISS HIM, TOO, AND HE'S ONLY GONE AN HOUR!



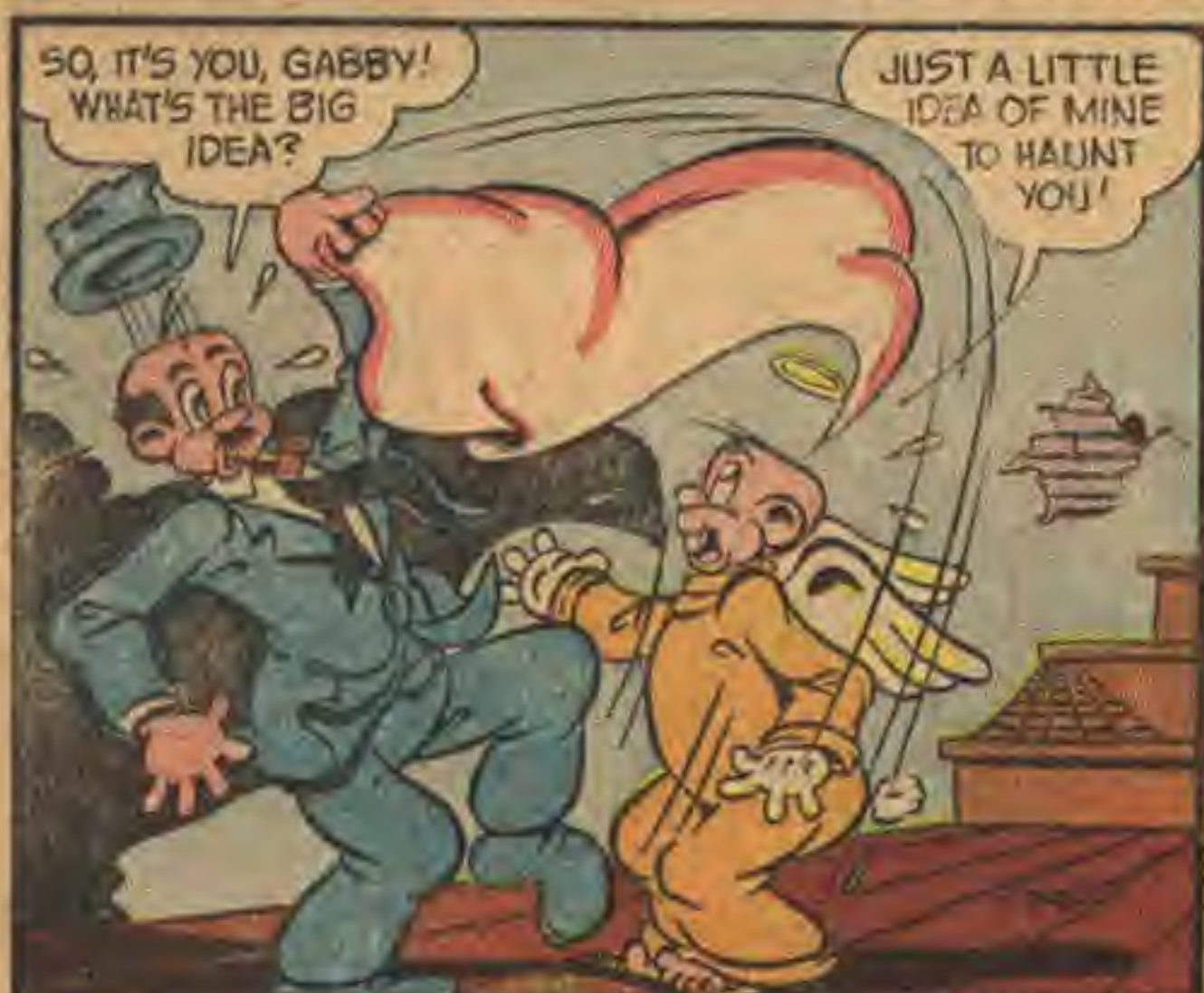
AS MUCH TROUBLE AS HE WAS, WITHOUT HIM, HEAVEN HAS BECOME TOO PERFECT! TOO LATE NOW, HE'S GONE FOR GOOD!

THEN, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!









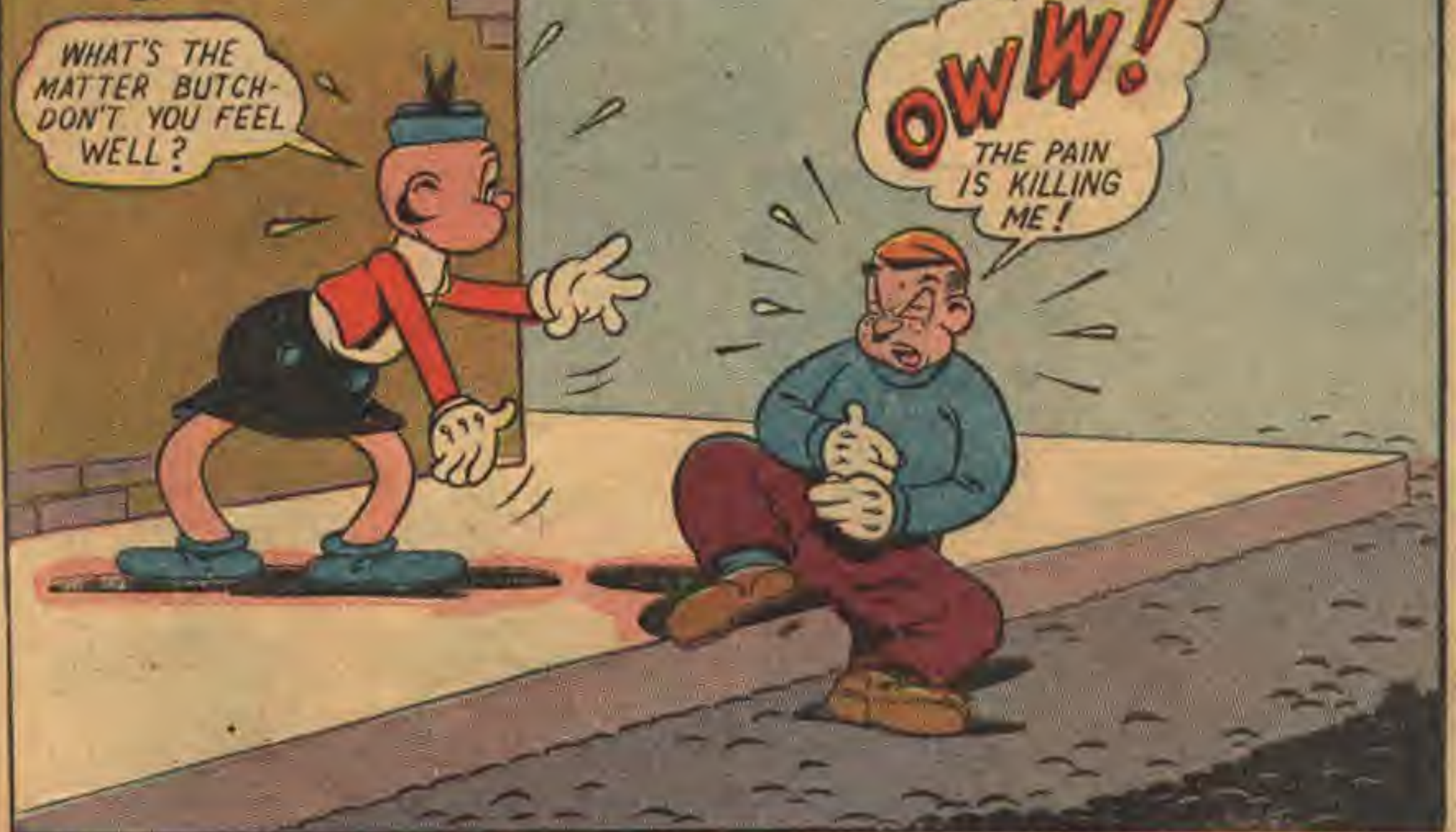
WILLY THE WISE-GUY

by "RED"
HOLMIDALE



WHAT'S THE
MATTER BUTCH-
DON'T YOU FEEL
WELL?

OWW!
THE PAIN
IS KILLING
ME!



WHY DON'T YOU
GO TO A DOCTOR
IF IT'S SO BAD?

CAUSE
IT'S
MY TOOTH
THAT HURTS-



THEN LET
ME TAKE YOU
TO A DENTIST-
HE'LL FIX IT
UP FOR YOU-

IXNAY - HE'LL
ONLY MAKE
IT HURT
WORSE-



COM'N BUTCH
THE DENTIST
IS JUST AROUND
THE CORNER.



LOOK AT
THAT BIG
TOOTH UP
THERE!

THAT TOOTH
IS JUST A
SIGN BUTCH.



TO ME IT'S
A SIGN HE'S
GOING TO
KILL ME!



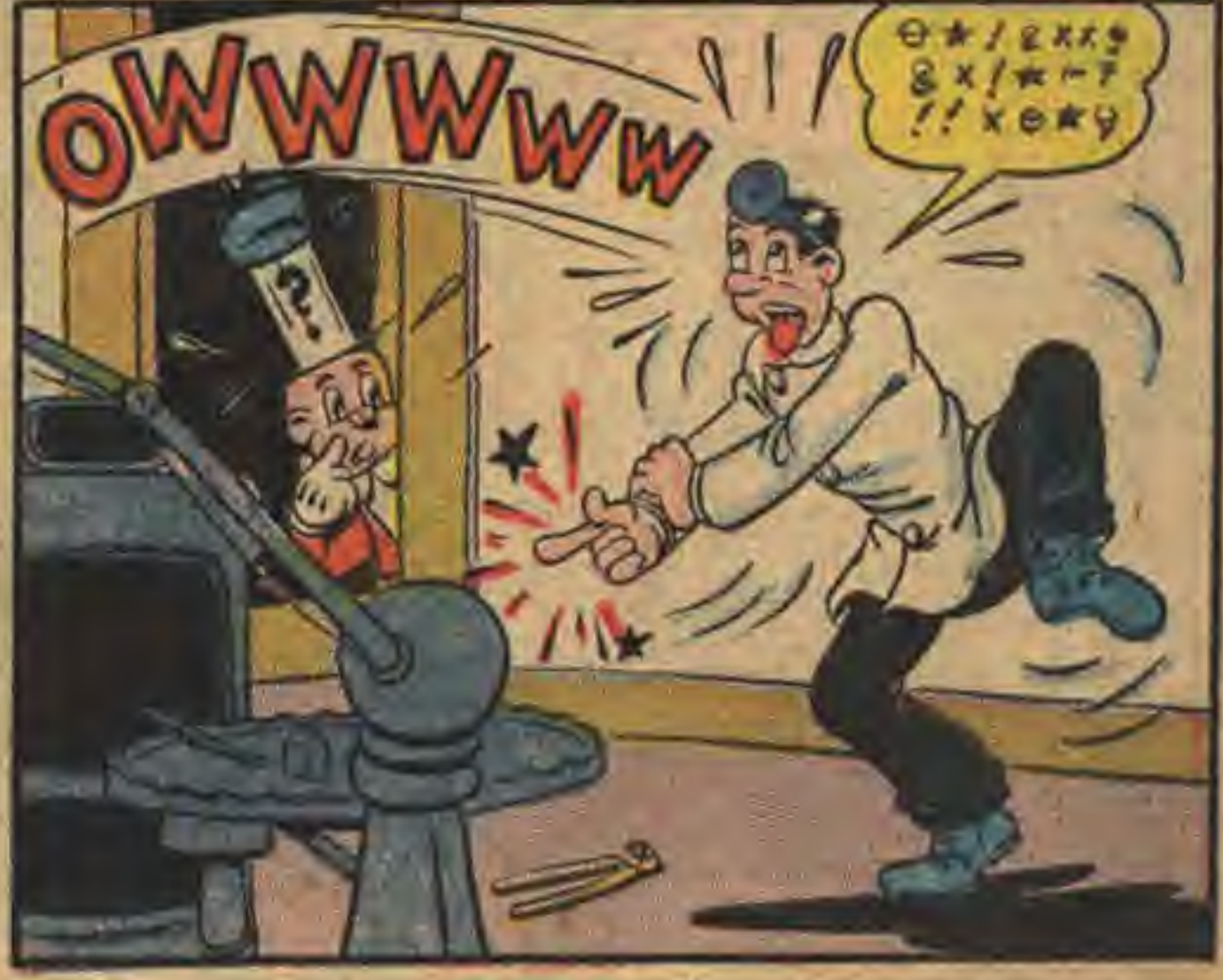
MY FRIEND BUTCH
HAS A TOOTH ACHE.
DR. YANK I CAN YOU
DO ANYTHING FOR
HIM?

INDEED
I CAN,
JUST STEP
IN HERE—



GULP! YOU
KNOW DOC—
MY TOOTH
FEELS BETTER
ALREADY—





THE Black Hood







I DON'T THINK THE POLICE ARE MUCH TO BLAME! IF THE SUCKERS WHO GET BIT BY THE LONE SHARKS WOULD TESTIFY AGAINST THEM! BUT THEY'RE SCARED STIFF!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

HI, HOOD!
HI THERE MISS SUTTON! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW BUS?

ISN'T THAT EDDIE OUR ELEVATOR OPERATOR?



NOW, WHERE DID THAT KID GET ALL THAT MONEY TO BUY A NEW CAR! HMMM-- I WONDER!



MEANWHILE...

YEAH, WAITER, AND LET'S HAVE CHAMPAGNE--AND LOTS OF IT!

CHAMPAGNE, GEE, EDDIE!



A TEN BUCK TIP! WOW!

CHICKEN FEED!



GEE, EDDIE, YOU SURE ARE SOME SPENDER! AND TO THINK I WAS GOIN' TO TOSS YOU OVER FOR ANOTHER GUY!

FRANCIE, YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, EDDIE INDULGES IN AN ORGY OF SPENDING...

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT, JUST WHEN WE'RE LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT WITH A WEALTHY CLIENT, EDDIE HAS TO TAKE HIS OWN SWEET TIME WITH THE ELEVATOR!



SAY... THOSE CRIES ARE COMING FROM THE ELEVATOR SHAFT ON THE FLOOR BELOW!



HEY, YOU GUYS... WHAT GIVES HERE!



GOOD LORD, IT'S EDDIE! THEY'VE BEATEN HIM HORRIBLY!



EDDIE! WHAT HAPPENED, KID?

WANTED TO BE A BIG SHOT... SO'S MY GIRL WOULDN'T LEAVE ME FLAT... (GASP) DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH DOUGH... SO...



I BORROWED SOME FROM LOAN SHARKS AT THE FLAMINGO BAR... COULDN'T PAY IT BACK IN TIME... THEY BEAT ME UP TO TEACH ME A LESSON...

WHO'S RUNNING THIS OUTFIT, EDDIE?



I... I... A-A-GH... EDDIE... EDDIE! THE POOR KID'S DEAD... THOSE DIRTY KILLERS! I'LL SEE THEM FRY IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!





HOW ABOUT OUR RICH CLIENT?

THE HECK WITH HIM! THIS TOWN HAS HAD A BELLY FULL OF THIS LOAN SHARK BUSINESS!



WE'LL REPORT THIS TO THE **POLICE**, AND THEN PAY A VISIT THIS EVENING TO THE FLAMINGO BAR!



THE EVENING PAPERS SCREAM OUT WITH GLARING HEADLINES...



MAYBE SOMETHIN' WILL TURN UP YET COMMISSIONER!

NOT A CHANCE, MC. GINTY! WE'RE THROUGH, FINISHED, WASHED UP!



MEANWHILE...

THERE'S THE BAR! OBVIOUSLY A FRONT FOR THE LOAN SHARK SYNDICATE! YOU WAIT FOR ME HERE WHILE I GO IN AND SEE WHAT I CAN PICK UP!



SAY, BUD. IF I DON'T GET SOME HARD CASH QUICK, A LITTLE DEAL I HAVE IS GOIN' TO FALL THROUGH. NOW, A FRIEND OF MY TOLD ME YOU COULD HELP ME OUT.

YOU MUSTA HAD A COUPLA OF DRINKS TOO MANY! THIS AIN'T NO BANK, MISTER!



MOE, THAT'S THE GUY WHO SAW US RUN AWAY FROM THE ELEVATOR! HIS GIRL FRIEND IS ACROSS THE STREET! NOW THIS IS WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO.

START MOVIN' TOWARD
THAT CAR, SISTER...
AND REMEMBER,
THIS AIN'T NO
WATER PISTOL!



EDDIE MIGHT HAVE BEEN
MISTAKEN... SAY, I WONDER
WHERE BABS IS, SHE WAS
SUPPOSED TO MEET ME
HERE!



HOOD!
HELP!

HOW
THE--
HEY!!



FOLLOW THAT CAR,
BUDDY, AND STEP
ON IT!



HEH! HEH! YOUR BOY FRIEND'S
FALLING RIGHT IN WITH OUR
LITTLE SCHEME... SPEED IT
UP A LITTLE FRANKIE...



END OF THE
LINE... KEEP
THE CHANGE,
CHUM...



HMMMM... SOMEONE WAS
NICE ENOUGH TO LEAVE
THE CELLAR DOOR
OPEN!



STICK 'EM UP, SUCKER! KEEP
MOVIN' AND NO TRICKS, OR
YOU MIGHT GET LEAD
POISONIN'!



"CITIZEN" CAIN!
SO, YOU'RE AT THE
HEAD OF THIS
SYNDICATE!

YES, YOU'RE JUST IN
TIME FOR A
MEETING OF
THE BOARD
OF DIRECTORS!



AND YOU, HOOD, NO
DOUBT THOUGHT YOU
COULD SUCCEED WHERE
THE POLICE HAD FAILED!
HOW QUAIN'T!



YOUR INTERVIEW IS OVER,
HOOD. TAKE HIM AWAY,
MOE!



OOOON--MY HEAD..
OH, BARBARA IT'S
YOU.. WHERE
HAVE THEY
GOT US?

IN A SMALL ROOM
IN THE CELLAR..
THE DOOR IS
BOLTED FROM THE
OUTSIDE, AND THE
WINDOW IS BARRED!



NO WONDER THEY DIDN'T
TIE US UP! NOT MUCH
CHANCE OF GETTING OUT..
SAY, WAIT A MINUTE.. THAT
FIRE-ALARM SPRINKLER
GIVES ME AN
IDEA!



WHEN THIS GOES
OFF, IT WILL BRING
THE FIREMEN,
AND WITH THEM
USUALLY COME
THE POLICE!



THE ALARM BRINGS THE EXPECTED
RESULTS..



WELL, WELL, LOOK WHO OUR LITTLE SMOKE SIGNAL ATTRACTED! THE COMMISH, AND SERGEANT MC-GINTY!



HEY, THE HOOD AND BARBARA! WHAT THE SAM HILL ARE YOU DOIN' LOCKED IN HERE?



WE TRACED THE LOAN SHARK SYNDICATE TO THIS HOUSE! THEY'RE UPSTAIRS NOW... YOU CAN CATCH 'EM RED-HANDED WITH THE FACTS AND FIGURES... AND ARE YOU GOING TO BE SURPRISED WHO'S THE HEAD!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WELL, I'LL BE... 'CITIZEN' CAIN...

THE POLICE! HOW DID YOU...



SO, YOU'RE THE GUY WHO WUZ GONNA HAVE ME AND THE COMMISSIONER FIRED, HUH? WELL IT'S YOU WHO'S GONNA BE FIRED SPELLED F.R.I.E.D. RIGHT IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

WE FIXED 'EM GOOD, DIDN'T WE, MC-GINTY!

YES, SIR! AND WITH NO HELP FROM ANYBODY!



MAY AS WELL LISTEN TO THE RADIO WITH ALL THE WORK WE'VE GOT HERE!

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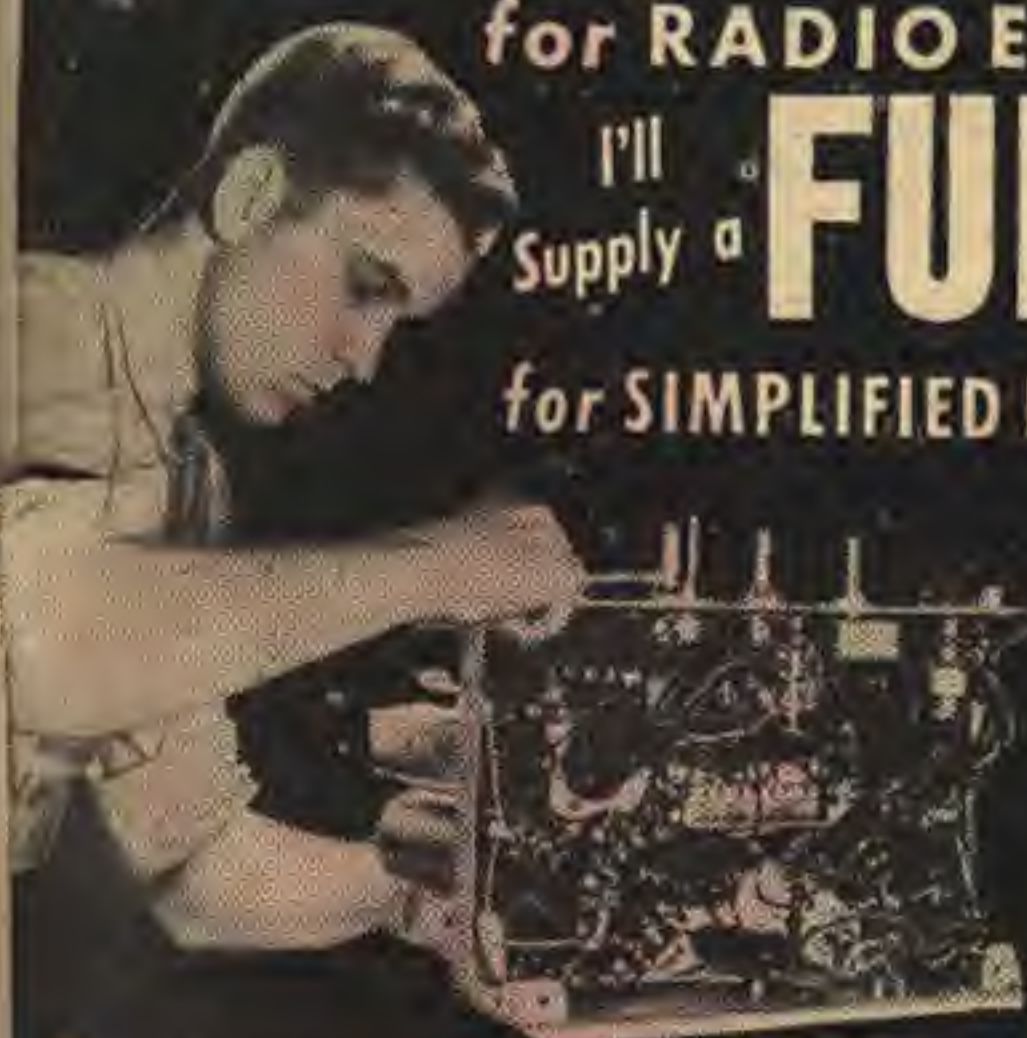
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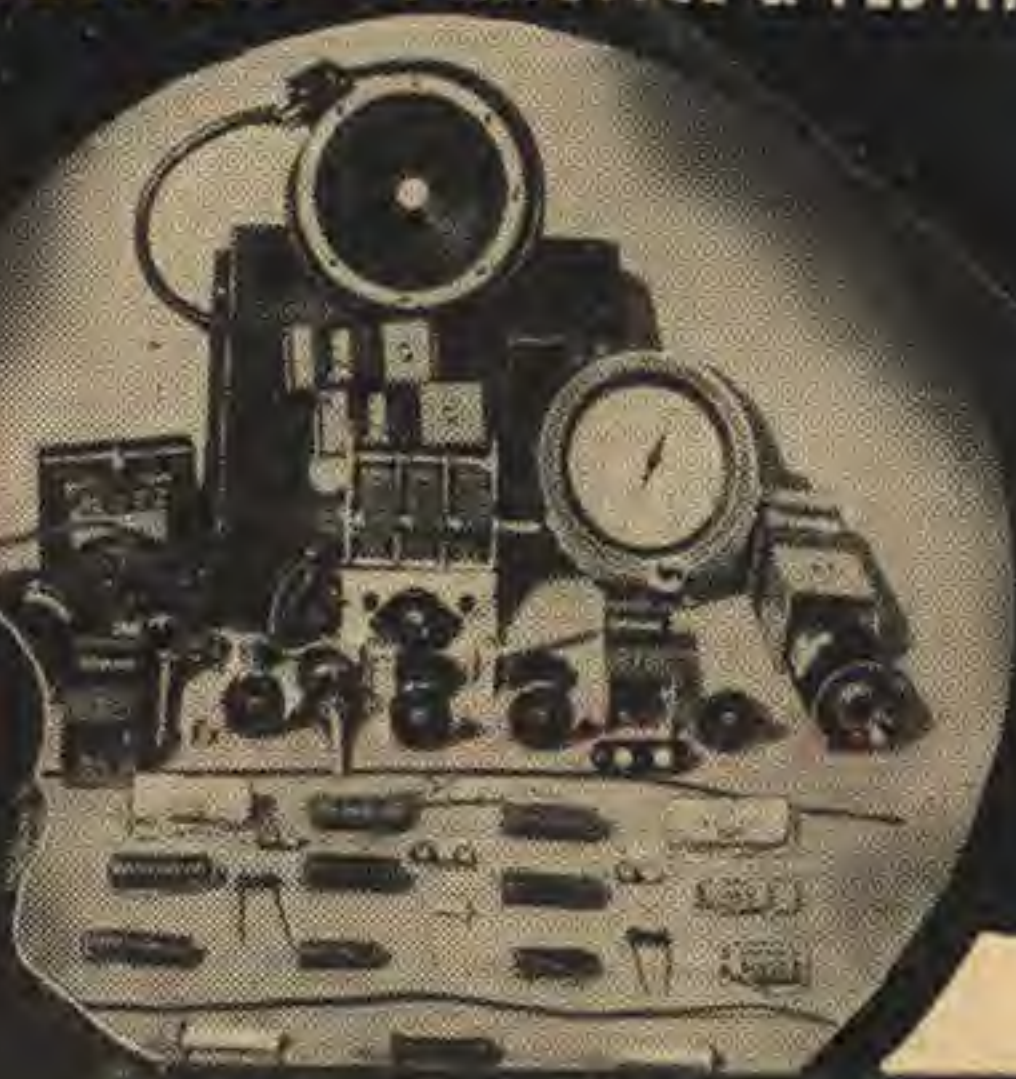
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